Marcel Ray Duriez

Nevaeh

Book: 40

Spread your Wings

Portion

‘Tell me and I forget, teach me and I may remember involves me and I learn...’

-Benjamin Franklin -so-o true, so, true- no?

Preface:

Sped- is the same as saying retarded- so this is what you are saying to a girl like me, and her too and them!

Literally- ‘Special Education,’ Usually used to describe someone when they are acting be or is known as

retarded for life regardless of your achievements.

An ‘unofficial’ (not recognized by dictionaries) slang descriptor for a person/ thing/ action/ object, etc., or a combination of, which is one or more of the following:

Being this you are a-

‘A waste of time, abandoned, abject, abominable, abortive, absurd, afraid, aimless, anxious, apprehensive, arid, arrested, assailable, atomic, awful, baby, babyish, backward, bad, banal, barmy, barren, base, baseless, bastard, beastly, beggarly, behind, beside the question, blah, bland, bogus, bomb, bootless, boyish, brainless, bromidic, bummer, caitiff capricious, careless, catchpenny, characterless, cheap, checked, cheesy, childish, childlike, clichéd, cloying, coarse, colorless, common, commonplace,

confusing, contemptible, controvertible, conventional, cornball, corny, corrupt, counterproductive, cowering, cracked, crap, crappy, craven, crazy, crud, cruddy, daffy, daft, dastardly, dazed, dead, deadpan, deficient, degraded, degrading, dejected, delayed, delusive, dense, dense, deplorable, depraved, despicable, destitute, detestable, devoid, diffident, dim, diminutive, dippy, directionless, dirty, disgraceful, dishonest, dishonorable, dismayed, disposable, disreputable, dizzy, dodo, doltish, dopy, dotterel, down, downtrodden, drab, drifting, drudging,

dull, dumb, empty, empty-headed,

erratic, evanescent, every day, evildoer,

excessive, exhausted, expendable,

expressionless, facetious, failed, failing,

fainthearted, fallacious, false, fanciful,

fatuous, fawning, featherbrained,

feeble, feebleminded, fickle, flaky,

flashy, flat, flighty, flimsy, flip, flippant,

fool, fool- around, foolish, for grins,

forlorn, fortuitous, foul, freaked out,

freaky, frightened, frivolous, frothy,

fruitless, futile, gagged up, garbage,

garish, gay, giddy, girlish, glitzy,

goalless, good-for-nothing, goofy,

green, gross, groundless, groveling,

grungy, gullible, gutless, hackneyed, half-baked, half-witted, hang dog, harebrained, heedless, ho hum, hokey, hokum, hollow, hopeless, humble, humbling, humdrum, humiliating, idiotic, idle, ignoble, ignominious, ignorant, ill-advised, ill-considered, illogical, imbecile, immaterial, immature, immobile, immoral, impassive, implausible, impracticable, impractical, improbable, inadequate, inane, inapplicable, inappreciable, incidental, inconceivable, incongruous, inconsequential, inconsiderable, incredible, indelicate, indiscreet,

indiscriminate, ineffective, ineffectual,

inept, inessential, inexpressive,

infamous, infantile, inferior, inglorious,

inscrutable, insensate, insignificant,

insincere, insipid, insufficient,

interminable, inutile, irksome,

irrational nonsensical, irrelevant,

irresolute, irresponsible, jejune, jittery,

joking, joshing, junky, juvenile, kid

stuff, kooky, lacking courage, lame,

late, laughable, lemon, lifeless, light,

light-minded, lily-livered, little,

loathsome, loony, loser, lousy, low,

lowborn, lowly, lowly, low-ranking,

ludicrous, mangy, meager, mean,

meaningless, measly, mediocre, menial, mentally incompetent, meretricious, microscopic, mindless, minor, minute, indecisive, miscarried, miscreant, miserable, modest, momentary, monkey, monotonous, moronic, moth-eaten, naive, needless, negligible, nervous, niggling, nihil ad rem, no bargain, no dice, no good, no guts, no place, no-account, nonessential, nonsensical, not at issue, not serious, not to the purpose, nothing, nowhere, nugatory, hopeless, nuts, nutty, objectless, obscure, obtuse, odd, off offensive, old hat, old-fashioned,

ordinary, otiose, outcast, paltry, panicky, pathetic, pedestrian, peripheral, petty, piddling, pitiable, pitiful, platitudinous, playful, plebeian, pointless, poker-faced, poor, petty, pre-kindergarten, preposterous, primitive, profitless, proletarian, prosaic, puerile, puny, purposeless, pusillanimous, random, rash, ratty, raunchy, recreant, removable, repetitious, result less, retiring, rinky-dink, rotten, rough, routine, rubbishy, run scared, sappy, scandalous, scanty, scared, scatterbrained, screwy, scrubby, scurvy, second-rate, seemly, senseless,

sentimental, servile, severe, shabby,

shallow, shameful, shiftless, shoddy,

shopworn, shrinking, shtick, shy, silly,

simple, simple-minded, skin deep,

sleazy, slight, slimy, slow, sluggish,

small, small time, soft, sordid, sorry,

sorry lot, spineless, sportive, squalid,

square, stale, stale, stark, stereotyped,

sterile, stiff, stock, stodgy, stolid, stray,

stuffy, stupefied, stupid, submissive,

subnormal, superficial, superfluous,

tame, tatty, tawdry, tedious, terrible,

the subject, the willies, thick,

thickheaded, thin, thoughtless,

threadbare, timid, timorous, tired,

tiresome, tiring, tomfool, tongue-in-cheek, transparent, trashy, trifling, tripe, trite, trivial, trumpery, ugly, unassuming, unavailing, unbelievable, uncommunicative, unconvincing, uncouth, underdeveloped, underfoot, underprivileged, undeveloped undirected, undistinguished, unessential, unexciting, unexpressive, unfit, ungrounded, unguided, unimaginative, unimportant, unintelligent, unmanly, unnecessary, unneeded, unoriginal, unpersuasive, unplanned, unpredictable, unpretentious, unproductive,

unprofitable, unreal, unreasonable, unrefined, unrelated, unsatisfactory, unsophisticated, noncommittal, unsubstantial, unsuccessful, unthinking, unusable, unvaried, unworthy, useless vacant, vacuous, vagrant, vague vain, valueless, vanishing, vapid, vile, plebeian, volatile, vulgar, wacky wandering, wanton, waste, watery, wayward, weak, wearisome, well-worn, whimsical, white elephant, wide of the mark, wide of the point, wishful, wishy-washy, witless, worthless, word dependent, wretched, or yucky.'

Thank you to my school for classing me as this… and let you and the kids use the above terms, to describe what is known about me.

~Nevaeh~

Part: 1

‘I love that little hole in you!’ Emma said to me!

~*~

Emma- Why don’t you say that you love me?

I am said back- ‘isn’t better to know that someone loves you then say it over and over, and like-not mean it.’

Honesty-

Naddalin- I'm thought about it and thought- ‘yah me to when you open

it up and lick it out! – I’s love that too-’ do not- say you don’t.

(Thoughts)

Naddalin- I love the cute faces that she makes in mine, it is everything- to me when I been on top of her looking in her eyes; and she sighs like a girl, make grind on me love, eating a girl out, like her. I’s stick my tongue inside her vagina and ferociously lick every centimeter of her insides. the juices, her squirming, I love it! Kiss it like you would kiss her lips and just wiggle your

tongue in between the lips and then slowly stick your tongue in…

Next day-

The heart, sticker gave a huge bound of a soft kiss to my lips, snapping crack, as she- ripped back the- paper and saw sleek black scrollwork of the letters she made just for her, with silver, ribbons- around the yellowing hollow book words stamped across it, just another chapter of our lives, inside was Lily ribbons, the hart ring, 3 old flowers, a daisy, sunflower, and one Lily, an old dream-catcher along with

the old key, and the note of Jaylynn also, and also the one to Kristen, Karly's crystal necklaces, Haven added a lock of hair from a girl, that is no longer with us also, her and back home, and now us- are story article, of us, yet as sweet as it was it still made me sad, I never thought that- I- I's… um- never-mind, well see this again. All things that ever mattered to me was in here… but how did she know or get this…?

Now and then, we go to the graveyard and see the cinematic stone play, on it- she talks for 2 minutes, and we see her and hear her voice- as if she

were alive, she gives her short story- of life on Earth, that was pre-recorded- like the last will in a way, yet it not the same- and she was too young to have things are given to others- even if, like- even here final death is a thing, if at complete rest, and she was.

Standing the test of time, like the pages… of the manuscript in the classroom.

‘Wow, Emmah!’ I thought- and might have said out my mouth, yet do not remember- like if I did or not. Naddalin whispered, unzipping her

uniform, for bath time at 7- walking into that room beside a- case of books, not looking inside, any other, then place hers next to them, all under ‘D’ taking up the length of the shave of ‘50’ or so-o volume.

Part: 2

(Back vacation at home in her Earthly body from-)

Apart from her friends, the- thing that Naddalin Missed most about the school for girls was Claepsiara, the- most popular sport in her- magical world - highly dangerous, overly

exciting, and played flying fast and wicked with your wings.

Naddalin happened to be a particularly good Claepsiara player; she- had been the- youngest pergirl in a century to be picked for one of her- the school for girls' house teams. Pay until blood drips for the tips of the wings.

One of Naddalin's most prized possessions and the loveliest was the wings that grew out her back, and now are one of the most powerful of all the girls, if not the- most. A game between light and dark angels- gladiator-style

fight ‘till final death. Last year a girl had her wings ripped off in flight, the bloody thing is- like in a large jar, imboiled in the sciences room, shown off next to all the skulls and she was dead before hitting the ground 300 feet below, she was light now she is with us, she was brought back, over the unrest.

After bath time-

Homework- of spells and charms, all her notes and books, and what not, she picked up the last parcel, of everything she was doing into her book bag.

Naddalin put the thoughts about everything behind her, She- recognized the untidy scrawl on the- yellowish paper at once, and said oh well I tried, she rested her head on her pillow, thinking about the girl- that was from Dargide, she- the school for girl's gamekeeper child, the one she was going to fight, or so it was said she might- be.

(The next day)

Looking into one of the books named: 'Neveah.' She sighed, She- tore off the- top layer of paper and glimpsed

something with sapphire eyes, and leathery, but before she- could unwrap it properly, she- parcel gave a strange quiver, it was a note about the first copy ever, and whatever was inside it snapped loudly, when it came to life, - as though it had jaws, it was memories of the past saying they wanted out of the book and the text. Naddalin just froze at that point at that moment.

She- knew that Dargide would never send her anything dangerous on purpose, but then, Dargide did not have an ordinary per girl's view of what was dangerous.

Dargide had been known to befriend spiders, buy spiteful, satanic lions, and birds that would pick your eyes out for fun, from menfolk in pubs, besides sneaks- illegal dark angels spawn- into their cabin; Naddalin poked she- parcel nervously, that jumped from the pages. It snapped loudly again in her hand.

Naddalin reached- for the- lamp on the bedside table, gripped it firmly in one hand, then she raised it over her head, ready to strike it with the other free hand. At once the- seized the- rest of her- wrapping paper in the

other hand and pulled, the old dust cover of the book.

Besides out fell - a book, that she remembered all too well, yet could not at all.

Naddalin just had time to register its handsome off-white cover, emblazoned with the- silver title ‘The-Book of Stop and Death,’ she said tenderly.

This was when she used a spell on it, asking it for its deepest darks feeling of emotions- to come forth, moments before her wand flick, so-o,

before it flipped onto its edge, and snapped at her yet again, scuttled sideways along the- bed like some weird crab, wanting to snap. ‘Uh-oh,’ Naddalin muttered, saying, ‘like- I knew it was bad, yet never this bad, a book with so much hurt it got up and crawled away.’ The- book toppled off the- bed, like she said, with a loud clunk… then shuffled rapidly a-crossed the- room, as she ran after it, saying stop. Naddalin followed it surreptitiously. Any-who- the- book was hiding in the- dark sunlight space under her old heavy desk.

Praying that she- Sleyashs was still fast asleep, and the Amsel girls would not get ahold of it, Naddalin got down on her hand, saying come her it all right, I not going to hurt you like all of them, she was on her hand's knees butt up in the are showing way too much to the girls behind her asking what, yet she keeps reaching for it.

Emma- said, 'I don't think that bath towel is not full coverage- their girl!'

Naddalin- 'You like it!!!'

Emma- ‘That I do, but there was a thing- like- um- back in the day, called modesty- God- learn it.’

Naddalin- ‘He- he- he!!!’

‘Ouch!’ She yelped…

Naddalin scrambled around, threw herself forward, managed to flatten it. The- book snapped shut on in her small hands; then trolleyed past her, yet it was fastened, still scurrying on its covers. The other girls in the room gave a loud, sleepy grunt, as she went to her bed cricking the wood floorboards.

Elody watched interestedly as Naddalin clamped the- struggling book tightly in the arms, hurried to the chest of drawers, pulled out a belt, which she- buckled tightly around it, and then said the spell for to inanimate. ‘The book of the death of the ended lives’ shuddered angrily, but could no longer flap- about, and impulses, so Naddalin threw it down on the- bed and then stretched for

Dargide’s card, that falls under the bed too. And then back on the shelve, it went with the others, to

adulate dust, as she sat it there saying- ‘stay- good girl.’

Part: 3

Chiaz- A never happens yet feels as it did, part of my life, like a dream yet not, like reality yet not, too is odd, and feels real, yet was not at that time of life, yet you know it happened.

Naddalin- I had to make this time up, I had to get back what was taken from her, I had too, I had to be her for a summer, something I never-ever thought me as this girl would ever do, for me or for her, this was going

back in time, something that is trick over the fact it changes others' lives, if missed with too much, yet I needed to do this for me, that summer I's had to come back down to Earth anyways, so I came back as her, in her young body from, yes as her the girl in the story, I used the transformation spell to do so- o, I was 14 all over, and I did not remember this at the time with my mind slowly sipping, I was living on my own that summer in a cute, nice yet tight spaced trailer, over up on the hills of Nick-Town.

That summer I wanted nothing more than for her to get back what was taken away, and now I had the power to do so, for this girl, yet she was a lost soul in a big imperfect world, living all alone, to spite her garden, long story, she was drag back home by police officers and made to sleep in a barn, overrunning- away… yet she had the money too, anyways- back to the point…

‘You don’t wear underwire-’ he said, and I giggled…

Chiaz- I don’t remember this in my life yet I feel that it was so real to me, a girl came to me, in like a dream yet not, it was real, I never remember her living in a trailer up the ways from town, the next thing you know I was in it with you and you were more in love with me than ever, just out of school at the end of your 9th year… at fart she was reluctant, it was the first time, after all, we could be left alone, with no eyes on us, I recall that you showed me around your new place, that you rented, nicer than most homes, in throws parts, and before I knew it she

was showing me her bed- ‘saying look how big this is for a little girl like me that is about 4 foot.’ And before I knew it, she was bare, with her body wrapped around mine, sanding I was holding her like a child, in my arms, and our lips met, and the passion was more, trilling then one about a 17-year-old boy could take… and we made sweet love.

Naddalin- I was on the bottom…

Chiaz- I was on top of her, she was so-o little the size of a young child…

Naddalin- ‘Ahh- Cumming moments’

‘He was in me- for the first time- I did it, I did him and he did me.’

I could not get enough of him, yet I have wanted to do this for years and years now, I was exhausted and tender down there, but I did not care.

I did not want to sleep… even though I was going to be with him night after night if I could…

I wanted the throbbing…

I wanted him in me…

I wanted him all the time…

His weight on top of me…

I wanted to squeeze him in further and further…

I wanted to watch his face… grunt out the last bit in me… as he said he wants mine… high pitched squeaky and an ‘ou- yah’s!’

I wanted his sweat to drop, like that stuff on to my bell- ‘aww, is what I said.’

I wanted to drop mine on him… pushing it out… all creamy…

I got on top of him…

I had never done it before... like that as of this age… you see… not this young it would not have been right too… yet I wanted to be bad! So bad! I wanted to take control of his every move… and I did… I own him that night.

I could not believe it; I was doing this… but I was, and it was right… even if everything in the past was all so-o wrong, between us.

I was discovering something.

I held him and put him in... it was so cute… like when I gave him the blowie of a lifetime coming… he, he, he!

He felt deeper in me with his hard DICK- THEN FINGERS TOO.

I will never forget it… real or not it is alike memory to last eternity… shared.

I was in charge, and he liked it.

I held his easily… even not like me for the- sweet shy girl of everything…

I let my small boobs touch his face, and he sucked on them as I asked, like my clit and puss- puss too, I made him by grabbing that mop of long black wavy hair of his… he was mine!

‘I WAS HORRY- GIRLS GET THAT WAY!’

He went mad; he bounded- ME TILL I ORGASMED OVER AND OVER AND MORE THEN THAT TOO.

He rived me in two… WITH IT- I pushed down AND IN.

I could not believe it…

One of his HANDS flicked over my bum AND SQUEEZED IT AND ANOTHER MOMENT OF COMING TO AN END. I did it to him. He lifted and heaved.

There was no end to it, no end to the new things… THAT A YOUNGER NEVER- EVER FELT BEFORE I WAS HIS SLUT, WIDE OPEN FOR HIM- LEGS UP ABOVE MY HEAD EVEN

SLUT AND DRUM MAJOR SLIT FOR HIM TOO- AND I WANTED TO BE.

He took me from behind, TO AS I ASKED. I pushed back, forcing more of him into me, HARD

AND THEN SOFT, LONG AND SHORT- RHYTHMS- SEX IS AWKWARD, THAT WHAT MAKES IT FUN AND CUTE. I sucked him. He licked me. I made him come to my stomach, AND ON MY BUTT TOO. He sucked my toes.

The whole room rocked every ‘till the wee- hours of the morning.’

My pussy felt- (soft warm fuzzy-inside tingly and slippery, tight, and gripping- everything I wanted and more!)

Chiaz- in and out, rocking and thrusting, hard and soft, hugging and squeezing too.

Naddalin- It was right… and really, I did it I got back a moment lost… to the boy that I love way back when, this was the bad childish thought, like- to have good sex all you need to be is naked on top of each other and young and dumb lust, yet

that is what dives young teens. For him and me, it will always feel real- that- this moment happens, and he got to take me, and I- him.

Part: 4

Dear Naddalin, Happy Birthday!

I think you might find her useful for next year.

Will not say anymore there… yet to use the come to life spell, she is pissed… Tell- me when I see you, why you need this.

Hope- the- Nonmagical people are treating you all right.

All the- greatest…

~Dargide

It struck Naddalin as ominous whys, that Dargide thought a biting book would come in beneficial, but she- put Dargide’s card up next to Jinger’s, and

Emma’s gifts, grinning more broadly than ever.

Now there was only the- letter from the school for all girls left, all but

on the name on it with their family, you know who’s girls.

Yep- just, observing that it was thicker than usual, Naddalin slit open the- envelope, pulled out the first page of note that came to life as she read, in the interior, besides, it read:

Dear child…

Please note that the- new Hayvannahol year will begin on September - 11th.

The school for girls- Express- will leave from Rockville’s Cross station for you that is on its long feeling

journey, from the platform at nine p.m., as you know to find the abandoned part, past the boarded-up heavy wood doors and into the dark, damp, must, cobweb-infested station, that was let go of in the 1920s and get on the train, see you here, and looking forward to it, the track even looks to be down there I thought, yet I know it is right.

Duck under the boards, covering the doorways, and do not fall through the floor… you are the only one to use this pathway… sorry for the inconvenience. The covering track in this run is not and the tracks feel as if

there is nothing much holding them, elevated up as you go through the lay of the land up the past mill, Altoona part of the cover, though Ashville, and a line of abandon track, just go up to you.

Third years are permitted to visit the village of Claepsiara, Skalaieol of Wizardry/ Fallen Angel on certain weekends, here or transfer over to our side if asked. Please give the enclosed permission form to your parents or guardian to sign.

A list of books for next year is enclosed also.

Sincerely yours…

Professor M. McDermott

Deputy Headmistress Naddalin pulled out she- Claepsiara, SKalaieol of Wizardry permission form and looked at it, no longer grinning.

It would be wonderful to visit Claepsiara, SKalaieol of Wizardry at weekends; she- knew it was an entirely wizarding village, and she- had never-ever set foot there. Nevertheless, how

was she- going to persuade Uncle Read or Aunt Jennath to sign the- form?

She- looked over at the- wind-up alarm clock, that glows pink in the face, and flickers some over getting hit with lighting like a wand streak. It was now 2:15 a.m.

Deciding that she would worry about she- Claepsiara, SKalaieol of Wizardry form when she- woke up, Naddalin got back into bed and stretched up to cross off another day on the- chart she would make for herself, counting down the- days left until she

returns to the school. Funny she thought I like school, she knew that the spell would have to come to end, like a love that she had to let go of too early in life too, yet he was a final piece also, then she- took off her glasses and she lay down, is nothing more than a transparent nighty that was pink, nothing else; eyes open, facing the three birthday cards, and the moving photos of her new light in her life Emma, and for this, she was ease too.

That night she said before going to bed, resting her weary head, ‘awe- there is nothing like an onion

bagel with cream cheese and starboard jam.’

Extremely unusual though she- was, at that moment Naddalin - felt just like everyone else - glad, for the- first time in their lives, that it was her birthday, and it did not suck, freaking holy- taint’s. she remembers back to her story and said the church Father was the only one to remember, her day, and was a feeling friend to her, growing up, that could have gone there- yet she was too young and he loved GOD more than she, did not say that they did not kiss in the booth now

doses it when she asked her cute sweet question about self-analyst, he told this innocent little girl, all these wonderful stories about angels light and dark finding their way- and he said- ‘like the girl in the story- little one you to well find your way, someday- okay.’

While Dariez lay around watching, and eating white cherry ice cream, Naddalin cleaned the- windows, the same one that she looked out all those years back, washed the- car, that was starting to rust away on the barn that was hers to the blue color all faded away, mowed the- lawn, with the same

tractor, clipped the- flowerbeds, for a vase, next to her bed, trimmed and watered the- roses, and had all the lilies and daisy in her hand, and repainted the- garden bench, as was back then.

The- sun blazed overhead, burning the- back of her neck, and she could feel the wings want to come out for shad, and strength.

Naddalin knew she- should not have risen to Dariez's bait, but Dariez had said the- very thing Naddalin had been thinking herself… she- did not have any friends at the school…

Wish they could see famous Naddalin - now, the- thought unrestrainedly as she- spread manure on her- flower beds, she back aching, sweat running down the faces.

It was half-past eight in the- evening when at last, exhausted, she- heard Aunt Jennath calling her, to come to eat and take a bath, like a young child again.

And get in here!

Walk-in a lot the- newspaper, she did there where cover the floor like what should be carpet, to keep out the

draft in this old farmhouse- it was bad yet never this deplorable! I have seen this place in my mind as her, God Lord I thought, yet I am not to say anything mean- like to them.

Naddalin moved ever so gently appreciatively into the- shade of the- gleaming kitchen, the only place in the home to have a makeover in years.

On top of the- new glamming double-sided stainless-steel fridge stood tonight's pudding: a huge mound of whipped creamy peanut butter and red-violet cake and a display dish. A

roaster-pot of roast beef was sizzling in the need double door- oven, with the clock face light, also new and shiny.

I’s am sure that it will be eaten quickly! Yet, I wonder if better be said than just- ‘pass the gravy…?’

Part: 5

The- non-magical people will be there soon!

Snapped Aunt Jennath, pointing to two slices of bread and a lump of cheese on her- kitchen table. Is this all that you are serving them? She asked… ‘Yes- girly it is,’ she was

patting her on the head with soft taps, like a young child, along with saying- ‘this is all that we have to give them.’

She- was already wearing a- pink cocktail dress.

Naddalin washed her hand…

Then at that moment, she fastened down the pitiful supper that she had to eat.

Then at that moment at that time- she- had completed, Aunt Jennath whisked away from the plate, out from under her nose. Upstairs, she went to

be in her room! Hastily, it was asked of her to do that!

She did not come down from her room, ‘till the next morning. It was 8:00 a.m.... Naddalin went down for breakfast only to find the- three or so-o- of them- Sleyashs already sitting around the- table, yet with her who is counting them, her mind was so-o endorsed in what she was thinking about, and that was nothing more or less than about all that is magic, and that world, she loved to be in. She could care less about them and their

childish ways, she thought even if that is what they say about her.

They were watching a brand - new television, a welcome-home-for-she-summer present for Dariez, who had been complaining deafeningly about the- long walk between her-fridge and the- freaking television, ‘like in the- living- room, is- a- Tv, and in that room, is that cold-ie thing-ing- you see- there called rooms, and devised into them, are things that go in those rooms.

Like- like- like- you need to have enough whit about you to see you need to go to that room for that in that room- (she was saying that in a slow way of speaking to her- like a tard.)

Dariez had spent most of the- summer in the- kitchen, like a little piggy, eyes fixed on the- screen, over the why not thinking she could get up and movie, with the plat, and she five chins wobbling as she- ate continually.

~*~

Naddalin sat down between Dariez and Uncle Read, a huge, beefy

man with extraordinarily little neck and a-lot than of mustache, and long stringy white beard.

Far from wishing Naddalin a happy birthday, none of the Sleyashs made any insignia that they had noticed Naddalin enter the- room…

Nonetheless, Naddalin was far too used to them to care. She- helped herself to a piece of bagel, only one half was left in the bag, then looked up at the- reporter on the- television, who was halfway through a report on a fugitive criminal.

(Unsolved Mysteries is playing)

Besides… the- public is warned that Black is armed extremely dangerous. A special hotline has been set up- asking ‘join me in helping serval a- mystery-’ a sharp taking and the dressed man said, ‘if- you- see- in the least- one sighting of- Black, you should notify this line i-m-med-iat-ely.’

Part: 6

‘Like there is no need to tell us…’

‘He's no good,’ inhaled, while saying it, Uncle

Read, staring over the top of the newspaper at the- pricier. Besides looking at the- state of him, the- dirty dart ball, look at the hair- all black, long wavy, and greasy!

-And-

She- shot a nasty look sideways at Naddalin, whose untidy hair had always been a source of great annoyance to Uncle Read.

Saying you have room to talk about the way he looks. Naddalin felt very well groomed indeed, all the time she prided herself too, she knew that

was just bull shit coming out of his mouth, over she was the cuter one.

The- reporter had reappeared, 30 minutes have passed. ‘You too can help in slaving an Unsolved Mystery.’

Besides the- Bureau of Cultivation cow show stuff- will announce today, so change the flicker-clicker thing-ie me-bobber to the impotent things, farms.

-And-

…Hang on! I speak!

Now, growled Uncle Read, staring furiously at the- reporter, to end she was taking doing the number in her contacts.

Furthermore, you did not tell us where that zealot escaped from! What use is that? Shit like he could be coming up the- street right now, to kill you girlie!

-And-

Aunt Jennath, who was bony and mare-faced, whipped around and scrutinized intently out of the- kitchen window.

Naddalin knew Aunt Jennath would simply love to be the- one to call the- hotline number.

She would- was the- inquisitive woman in the world and spent most of her life spying on the- mind-numbing, law- and the unbidden neighbors, saying this and that about what not- or whatever.

When will they learn, she said that you cannot party every night from 7:00 p.m. to 3:00 a.m., getting drunk having sex with random kids, and dancing around large fires, good I open

the door to my home and have panties and used condoms hitting me in the freaking faces she said; and said Uncle Read, pounding the- table with the large purple fist, saying words like-

‘Kids today there is no law- no discipline…’ Uncle Read- ‘The- only way to deal with these people, is to just shoot them in the face or drill them in the face?’

‘Oh- sh-h!’ she said, ‘saying cool it.’

-And-

Uncle Read, I thought to say to you is a little unstable, sorry it is embarrassing.

‘Very true,’ said Aunt Jennath, who was still squinting into next door’s runner-beans and farting loader then her mouth shooting as much Diarrhea as the behind that she had.

‘The house smells like a couch!’

Uncle Read drained she coffee’ cup, glanced at his watch, besides added, I’d better be off in a jiffy, Jennath- come, walk them to the door.

Chapter: 158

Part: 1

(Parting words)

‘Marge’s train gets in at ten… so-o yes…’

-And-

Naddalin, whose thoughts had been upstairs with the- Servicing kit for her wings, and a 1920’s case with all that she needs to be a fallen-witch in magic too, down here, was brought back to earth with an unpleasant bump when she fell from the sky… form the what nonmagical peoples call the havens, yet have no clue, thank God- on

Earth that no-one saw. Good feather grooming is key.

Aunt Marge was Uncle Read's sister, may God help us… and worked in an orphanage a residential institution devoted to the care of orphans- children whose biological parents are deceased or otherwise unable or unwilling to take care of them. (I have heard this so many times- blah-ick…)

Then she continuing to say: Biological parents, and sometimes biological grandparents, are legally

responsible for supporting children, but in the absence of these, no named godparent, or other relatives willing to care for the children, they become a ward of the state, and orphanages are one way of providing for their care, housing, and education.

‘Um-hum…’

Even though she would- was not a blood relative, she was only a half-blood, of the Naddalin’s… yet that was more than I to be loved.

She- blurted out, yet again- like before to my face, interfering with my

personal space, I could feel the misty spit even- and the stank breath- of lezz-ie pussy.

Aunt- Marge! They said… do not say that to that child… we are all she has…

‘I'm said- to go suck off, like- yet another fat bitch- bitch! …and walked away.’

‘Naddalin!!!’ (They shouted)

(Whose most had been Aunt

Jennath’s sister, over no one, would like- like a smaller- well her… and all that…)

She- had been forced to call her- ‘Aunt’ when all she wanted to say was profanity with long-running slurs to her for all her- her rotten, mangy life.

Aunt Marge lived in the- country- more farm-a-fid-ed, in a house with a large garden, than ours, where she would- bred bulldogs, funny the dog’s faces are cuter than hers. That

reminds me… he- he- he… a never mind… I thought it is an old inside joke.

She'd- didn't often stay at anywhere else, because she'd- couldn't bear to leave the precious dogs, but each of the visits stood out vividly in Naddalin's mind, young 'till now.

(Flashback)

At Dariez's fifth birthday party, Aunt Marge had whacked Naddalin around the- bare butt with her walking stick to stop her from beating Dariez at musical statues.

A few years later, she would- had turned up at Christmas with an electronic robot for Dariez and a box of dog biscuits for Naddalin, saying this is smarter than you and this is all you should be eating as that one did in the past- Naddalin, she was lived.

On the last visit, the- year before Naddalin started at the school, Naddalin had accidentally trampled on the- tail of her favorite dog, that got her bed instead of her sleeping it...

Ripper had chased Naddalin out into the- garden up a tree, the same

old tree that she was in years ago, the angel oak, and Aunt Marge had refused to call her off until past midnight, she slept in the tree on a branch all starched out…

Part: 2

The- memory of the incident still brought tears of laughter to Dariez’s eyes.

And Marge well be there for a week, and Uncle Read snarled, and while we are on the- topic, and she- pointed a fat finger bullyingly at Naddalin, besides, we need to get a few

things straight before, I go and collect her.

-And-

Dariez smirked and then withdrew the gaze she had from the- television. As she was watching young Naddalin being bullied by Uncle Read, after all- like she was Dariez's favorite form of entertainment.

Besides primarily, grinning all creepy like, and harassing her was the thing to do, just like Uncle Read, both saying- 'you'll keep a municipal tongue

in your head when you’re talking to Marge.’

The next day…

Also, and all right…

Beyond said Naddalin inordinately, besides- um if she would- does when she is talking to me.

-And-

Furthermore, and now secondly, also said

Uncle Read, acting as though he- had not perceived Naddalin’s reply, as Marge does not know anything about

your irregularity, I do not want any - any funny stuff while she is here with us. ‘You behave yourself, got me…?’

-And-

Additionally, ‘I’s will if she’d- does, said Naddalin through clenched teeth.’

Uncle Read- And- and- and, thirdly… the mean little eyes now slit in her inflated face, over tears, and we have told Marge you attend North End- Secure Center for the inoperable wrong- criminal- and well to dumb it

doing for you- died in the head- Girls- JUST LIKE YOU.

Naddalin- ‘so-o a school for retards is what you’re saying…’

‘What?’ Naddalin yelled…

…Precisely!!! Good- Naddalin- Good… saying it in a very dick-ish way.

Then you will be sticking to that story- girl-ie we say for you, girl, or there will be trouble, quarreled Uncle Read.

Naddalin sat there, white-faced furious, staring at Uncle Read, hardly

able to believe it, that she was making words come out of her mouth in arguments.

Part: 3

Aunt Marge coming for a weeklong visit - it was the- worst birthday present she- Sleyashs had ever given her, including that pair of Uncle Read’s old socks, that looked like it was used as Uncle Reads night before condom.

-Gross…

Well, Jennath, said Uncle Read, getting too overwhelming hostel- with

you come here, I will be off to the station, then- said the bitch. Want to come along for the- ride, she said to the one… and you know which one.

-And-

No, said Dariez, even this is going to fare, and like whose attention had returned to the- television now that Uncle Read had finished threatening and terrorizing Naddalin.

‘…And Dariez’s got to make herself smart for she auntie,’ said Aunt Jennath, - ‘That is not nice, is it to a girl like you now’- also saying this in a way

that is demeaning to her age and intelligence, yet comforting, in a way, that was needed even if- unpleasant.

Part: 4

Dariez's smooth thick blond hair...

Her Mommy's bought her a lovely new dress.

Uncle Read slapped Dariez hard on the back of her shoulder, saying- 'see even on her birthday you get what was hers, she too dumbs anyways, to understand, that we gave this to you, and not her.'

Also, see you in a bit, then, like- she- said, besides she- left the- breakfast nook.

Naddalin, who had been sitting in a horrified trance, had a sudden idea.

‘I would like to get read if you like you- like you get rid of your blood use tampons, using all the toilet paper balling it all around, as you do before throw it in the scrap can.’ He said that to me…

Chapter: 159

Part: 1

Then it hit me that I could kiss her every morning, I used to kiss her every morning when I used to get up and did not want summer anymore. I remember the middle of last year in the school year, about her saying- ‘I am worried if I kiss you I that I may screw up-’ and I am said back- ‘if you didn’t you would, and we started to kiss all the time…’ ‘I just loved giving her un-pure thoughts,’ alleged Naddalin, in her young lusting girl mind. ‘I'm so bad- but I was thinking about sex,’ ‘um- I like it when Emma goes down really deep in

me with her dildo, uh- it feels so-oo goo-oo-o-oo-d.’

Part: 2

Then she made some toast, she- got quickly to her feet, when it popped, and she jumped- then followed Uncle Read to the- front door. Uncle Read was pulling on her coat.

She thought on a coat- even so-o. I am going- she cried… ‘-NO. Besides, I’m not taken you!’

Then he- snarled, like a dog, as she- turned to see Naddalin watching him, and she snarled back even more

intensely. ‘Like- I wanted to come, she said Naddalin unfeelingly,’ ‘You would like to come-’ he said mocking her. And I want to ask you something.

-And-

Uncle Read eyed her untrustworthily.

This ends with her being strangled out…

And him losing to teeth in the front with a left hook… MMA is looking good on me she said- even as a just white belt, I have more power than you ever have over me now. Something I

took up over the summer to get away from here. And so…? Then snapped Uncle Read, taking the car keys from a hook next to the- door.

So, it was broadcasted over the TV, that there was going to be saver storms, in the flowing counties, torrential rain, I was standing just outside the door, just after saying- that ‘I wanted to go- too,’ and just like that a bolt of lightning struck right in front of me, it lights me up, and if I would be a life as I should, I know I would die; and fried- like some- finger-licking good- KFC chicken, yet, I can’t freak’n die

even if, like- I wanted to, if you are fallen like me you cannot pass ‘till the time reach a final death…

Part: 3

Thinking back to something she said to me, just like you, I have a place to dump my- cum- and it in you- and letting mine roll way down in that sweet little pussy you have- um I wanted her, so-o, bad- so bad, yet I suck here to the new year- aww! Like- if a girl did not want to c*m she would not be there in the first place with you-

dah- and I want to be there so-oo badly right now!

I LOVE HER!

(Forward)

Now that you have choked life out of me, I need you to sign the- permission from me and said Naddalin in a rush.

Now the third year is here - at Hayvannahol are allowed to visit the- village sometimes, said Naddalin.

‘Why should I do that?’ And scorned Uncle Read, lisping through his- young girl hating- missing teeth.

Well, and said Naddalin, picking her words NOT so carefully, also it will be challenging work, pretending to be Aunt Marge I go to that

St. Watson…

-And-

And at The Re-tard school AKA- The Center for Terminally Criminal Girls or whatever the hell it is called!

Hollered Uncle Read, at the top of his voice.

Naddalin was pleased to hear a definite note of panic in Uncle Read's voice, that I could have died.

I thought- (You do care about me- do not yah…)

Exactly, said Naddalin with great enthusiasm, looking tranquility up into Uncle Read's large, purple face.

Besides, it is a lot to evoke, is it not? I will have to make it sound convincing, won't I?

What if I accidentally let something slip?

-And-

You will get the- stuffing knocked out of you, won't you? Then and their rumbled Uncle Read, advancing on Naddalin with she first raised. Nonetheless, Naddalin stood her ground.

Like- knocking the- stuffing out of me will not make Aunt Marge forget what I could tell her, she- said grimly.

Uncle Read stopped, his fist still raised, right at her sweet, little,

cute, and young- little girl ribbons in her yet- her face was an ugly puce- it was- no not like her at all.

If you sign my permission form, then Naddalin went on quickly, I swear I will remember where I am supposed to go to Hayvannahol, I will act like a Mug- like I am normal and everything- honey that good that you are trying so hard to be, yet you never- ever be normal he patted her on the head like she was dimwitted.

Naddalin could tell that Uncle Read was thinking it over, even if his

teeth were borne- the ones left that are, a vein was throbbing in the temple, on the left side.

Besides, right, she- cracked in her voice finally. Then I shall check your behavior carefully during Marge's visit, then, should I?

If, at the- conclusion of it, you have toed the line, also, kept to the- story, we say and think about you- I will sign your mother F'n form.

-And-

She- wheeled around, pulled open the- front door, then slammed it

so hard that some of the plaster fell from the ceiling, and then that one of the- little stained-glass panes of glass that was cracked at the- top fell out. Naddalin did not return to the- kitchen at all, she ran.

She- went back upstairs to her bedroom, over the top of that one she used to have- thinking about for a moment- or two.

If she- was going to act like a real- nonmagical people, she had better start now- so- in her mind she just did

that at acting like a teen girl- all over again- going to her room to mope.

Nasty, unkind, revolting, and sadly she- gathered up all the presents from her birthday cards too that ruined by being mean ad smashing them and ripping them up and whatnot, so-o she hid them under the- loose floorboard with her homework, trying not to look over the fact that it just made her that gloomy.

Then she- went to Baby Raven’s cage. Errolie seemed to have recovered from also being thrown up

agent the wall to in his rage, I held- baby Raven is until she fell asleep, in my head recovering from a broken wing.

Naddalin sighed, holding her in her plums. Baby Raven’s, she- said gloomily, you unfortunate thing… while her in a rocking-rocking in a chair.

Correspondingly, you are going to have to clear off for a week. Go with Errolie. Jinger well looks after you. I will write her a note, explaining. I say- do not look at me like that- Baby

Raven's large eyes, bigger than should be for her to have.

Part: 4

Like- where reproachful - And it is not my fault. It is the- only way I will be allowed to visit Claepsiara, Skalaieol of Wizardry with Jinger and Emmah.

Ten minutes later, Errolie the baby Raven’s (who had a note to Jinger bound to her leg) soared out of the- arched window out of my sight off into the horizon.

Naddalin, now feeling thoroughly miserable, put the- empty cage away inside the- wardrobe.

Nonetheless, Naddalin did not have long to brood. In next to no time, Aunt Jennath was shrieking up the- stairs for Naddalin to come down and get ready to welcome their visitor.

Do something about your hair, now it is like a boy has played in it! Aunt Jennath said as she- reached the- hall.

Naddalin could not see the- point of trying to make the hair lie flat,

it was always frizzy and all the detanglers in the world would not fix it. Aunt Marge loved criticizing her, so the- messier she- looked, the- happier she would be.

All too soon, there was a crunch of gravel outside as Uncle Read's car pulled back into her- driveway, then the- clunk of the- car doors footsteps on the- garden path, up the porch, and pass the have a wood door, she was in the entranceway next to the old steps.

‘Hey, you with the big eyes and the face- get the- door!’

At once, Aunt Jennath hissed at Naddalin showing teeth.

She would- turned on the heel then left, making her way into the living room. Jinger waited until she’d- had vanished through the- door to the- girls,’ dormitories, then cleared she- garbage off the- knitted hats. ‘They should at least see what They’re picking up,’ she- said firmly. ‘Anyway…’ she- rolled up the- parchment on which she- had written the- title of Lily’s

essay, ‘there is no point trying to finish she now, I cannot do it without Emmah, I do not have a clue of what you are supposed to do with moonstones, have you?’

(A wisp of a wand and she moved forward in time- back to her happy place the school for girls like her.) Naddalin shook her head, noticing as she- did so-o, that the- ache- in her right temple was getting worse. Um- she- thought of the- long essay on colossal wars, about light and dark, and the- pain stabbed at her abruptly.

Knowing perfectly well that when- the- morning came, she- would regret not finishing the homework that night like the good little girl she was known for, she- piled her books back into her bag.

‘I’m going to bed too- said Emma- and with you.’

‘It was nice to have a cuddle body- again!’

Chapter: 160

Part: 1

She- passed Laila on the way to the- door, leading to the- dormitories back at the school knowing that she had skipped time, but did not look at her.

Naddalin had a fleeting impression that Laila had opened her mouth to speak, but she- sped up and reached the soothing peace of the body of Nevaeh’s spiral staircase without having to endure any more provocation.

The- following day dawned just as sluggish and so very rainy as the- one. Like- Dargide was still absent from

the- staff table at breakfast. ‘But on the plus side, no Lily today’ said Jinger bracingly.

Emmah yawned widely and poured herself some coffee. She would- looked mildly pleased about something, and when Jinger asked her what she would- had to be so happy about, she would- simply said, her- hats have gone.

Seems the- house sprites do want freedom after all.’

‘I wouldn’t gamble on it,’ Jinger told her caustically. they might not

count as closes. She didn't look anything like hats to me, more like knitted bladders.'

Emmah did not speak to her all morning.

Double Transfiguration- succeeded double Charms, Professor Flitwick, and Professor-

McDermott both spent the- first fourteen minutes of their lesson lecturing the- class on the- importance of flying with wings.

'What you must reminisce,' said little Professor Flitwick squeakily

hanging as ever on a pile of books so that she- could see over the top of the desk, ‘is that these inspections may impact your futures for many years to come- lady’s- work hard!

If you have not already given serious thought to your life paths, like- now is the- right time to do so-o. At once in the meantime, I am afraid of thinking about it all, we shall be working harder than ever to certify, verify, confirm, endorse, and attest, that you all do yourselves righteousness!’

They- then- there and did, spent over an hour revising Summoning Charms, which according to Professor Flitwick was bound to come up in their FLYING HORSES, and she- rounded off the- lesson by setting them there largest ever amount of Charms homework- ever in the school walls.

It was the- same, if not worse, in Conversion.

‘You cannot pass a FLYING test nevertheless, with the smaller HORSES,’ said Professor McDermott poorly worded, to Emma.’ Seeing that

she hurt the girl- she fast said- without serious claim, practice, you will get there and study hard, rubbing her hand. I see no regard because everyone in the class should not achieve a FLYING in Transfiguration as long as they put in the- work.' Neville made a sad little skeptical of noise, with her snort.

There is nothing wrong with your work except lack of confidence, girls, it shows that you are smart.

Still better than what Emma got before, I remember when the

professor said, ‘that the ambitions us girls have was to see how many aspirations we could have after all- she like me too, and all the girls in the class could have sex and not get pregnant.’

Emma- snapped back sharply- well then, I am not going to hell, for using a dildo then for this is what I do, and the class of girls just giggled, as the professor looked stunned.

(The next day)

So… today we are starting Vanishing Spells.

These are easier than Illusion Spells, which you would not usually attempt until the 2nd level, but they are still among the- toughest magic you will be tested on in your FLYING courses.’ She would- was relatively accurate; Naddalin found she- Vanishing Spells utterly problematic.

By the- end of a double period, she nor Jinger had managed to vanish the- mice on which they were practicing, though Jinger said with any luck she- thought she looked a bit paler. Emmah, on the- other hand, successfully vanished she mouse on

her- the third attempt, earning she a ten-point bonus for Amsel from Professor McDermott. She would- was she- only pergirl not given homework; everybody else was told to practice the- spell overnight, ready for a fresh attempt on their mice the- following afternoon.

Now postulating slightly about the amount of homework they had to do, Naddalin and Jinger spent their lunch hour in the- haunted library, looking up she- uses daydream-gravest in potion-making.

Still angry about Jinger's slur on her woolly hats, Emmah did not join them. By the- time they reached Upkeep of Magical Creatures in the- afternoon, Naddalin's head was aching again.

The- day had become cool, breezy, chided to, and damp, besides as they walked down the- sloping lawn towards Dargide's cabin on the- edge of the- Illicit Woodland, they felt the- occasional drop of rain on their faces.

Professor Grubbly Plank stood to wait for the- class some ten yards

from Dargide's front door, a long trestle table in front of she laden with twigs. As Naddalin and Jinger reached there was, a loud shout of laughter sounded behind them; whirling, they saw Drallieah Mallerie striding towards them, encircled by her usual gang of Slyshein- and clans.

She- had clearly just said something highly amusing, because Carllah, Goyle, and the others found it to be that way, and the- rest sustained to sniggering as they gathered around the- trestle table and, judging by her- way they all kept looking over at

Naddalin, she- was able to guess the- subject of the- joke without too much difficulty.

‘Everyone there?’ Barked Professor

Grubby Plank once all she- Slysheins and Amsel's had arrived.’ Let us crack on then.’

‘Who can tell me what these things are called?’

She would- indicated she- heaps of twigs in front of her.

Emmah’s hands shot into the- air.

Behind her back, Mallerie did a Becca toolshed imitation of her jumping up and down with enthusiasm to answer a question.

She gave a shriek of laughter that turned- at once into a scream, as the- twigs on the- table leaped into her- air, and then exposed her-themselves to be what looked like tiny pixie-e-sh creatures made of wood- or so it looked into the gorgeous magnificent creature, reach with arms and legs just like a

little humming girl would have, cartoon-like face in-which a pair of oversized brown eyes glittered, it was like a little fairy, that because it was just that- said Emma.

‘O-oh!’ They said…